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HON. JAMES LAIRD.

Bureau Engraving & Printing

MEMORIAL ADDRESS

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

JAMES FAIRD,

A REPRESENTATIVE FROM [illegible]

DELIVERED IN THE

[illegible]

FIFTY-FIRST CONGRESS, FIRST SESSION.

[illegible]

WILLIAM MCKINLEY,

[illegible]

WASHINGTON:

GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

JAMES LAIRD,

A REPRESENTATIVE FROM NEBRASKA,

DELIVERED IN THE

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AND IN THE SENATE,

FIFTY-FIRST CONGRESS, FIRST SESSION.

Compiled and edited, under the direction of the
Joint Committee on Printing, by

W. H. MICHAEL,

CLERK OF PRINTING RECORDS.

WASHINGTON:
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE.
1891.

LIBRARY
OF THE
LELAND STANFORD JUNIOR
UNIVERSITY.

A6916

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That there be printed of the eulogies delivered in Congress upon the late James Laird, a Representative from Nebraska, ten thousand copies; of which two thousand five hundred copies shall be for the use of the Senate and seven thousand five hundred copies shall be for the use of the House of Representatives. That the Secretary of the Treasury be, and he is hereby, directed to have printed a portrait of the said James Laird to accompany said eulogies, and for the purpose of engraving and printing said portrait the sum of five hundred dollars, or so much thereof as may be necessary, is hereby appropriated out of any moneys in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated. That of the quota to the House of Representatives, the Public Printer shall set apart fifty copies, which he shall have bound in full morocco, with gilt edges, the same to be delivered when completed to the family of the deceased.

Approved, September 29, 1890.

DEATH AND FUNERAL CEREMONIES OF HON JAMES LAIRD.

SOME INCIDENTS IN HIS LIFE.

JAMES LAIRD died in his own residence in Hastings, Nebr., at 10:30 a. m., Saturday, August 17, 1889. The immediate cause of his death seems to have been the result of a surgical operation. An autopsy was held, and the physicians' report was as follows:

> We, the undersigned, as a result of a post-mortem made upon the body of JAMES LAIRD, find his brain normal, heart normal, kidneys normal, spleen very soft and pliable, parts of small intestines congested, rectum abnormal and in a very unhealthy condition. We find that the cause of his death was acute septicæmia.
>
> RALPH. J. IRWIN.
> F. J. SCHAFELBERGER.
> M. V. B. MCKINNEY.
> T. H. URQUHART.

The examination was made in the presence of fifteen physicians, under the direction of Coroner Irwin. The examining committee agreed that the septic poison was absorbed in the wounds from an operation for hemorrhoids. This operation was performed in Omaha, Wednesday, August 14, three days previous to his death.

He breathed his last, without returning to consciousness, about forty-eight hours after entering a comatose condition

that presaged the fatal result. When the spirit departed there were gathered about the bedside C. H. Paul, wife and daughter, John Jacobson, Dr. VanSickle, Leopold Hahn, John Crans, and H. Lepin. Mr. LAIRD was not married, and no kinsmen were present at his death, but there was no lack of tender, loving friends to stand solemnly and tearfully by as the noble soul parted from its tenement of clay and passed into The Beyond.

His nearest of kin living were Mrs. Isaac Beyeu, aunt of the dead soldier and statesman, and William Beyeu, his cousin, of Gilman, Ill. Both were present at the funeral. Major LAIRD'S parents and a brother, Alonzo, lie buried in the cemetery at Juniata, Nebr. Two brothers were killed in the army battling for the Union, and fell by the side of their beloved brother, "JIM," whose sad death removes the sole surviving member of the family. Some time before his death, Major LAIRD purchased a lot in Park View Cemetery, at Hastings, Nebr., intending to have the bodies of his parents and brother removed there, and his wish will be carried out. Here, with the body of his pious father, whom he honored, the body of his devoted mother, whom he loved, and the body of his brother, for whom he cherished the tender affection of a sister, lie entombed the mortal remains of JAMES LAIRD.

SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

JAMES LAIRD was born at Fowlerville, Livingston County, New York, June 20, 1849, and at an early age removed with his parents to Michigan. He enlisted as a private in Company G, Sixteenth Michigan Volunteer Infantry, in July, 1861, and served with great bravery, participating in many a hard-fought battle, being wounded several times by mus-

ket ball and saber, and was left on the field for dead at Gaines Mill. He won honor and distinction for his courage and bravery, and attained the rank of brevet-major.

At the close of the war he finished his education, and graduated from the law school of the Michigan University. He removed to Adams County, Nebraska, in 1872, and became at once a central figure in the pioneer settlement of that time. His energy and ability and natural qualities of leadership placed him in the forefront of all movements of a public character. He was a member of the constitutional convention of his State in 1873.

His career as Congressman began with the Forty-eighth Congress, and he had just entered upon his fourth successive term. His achievements in the national House of Representatives have been many and notable ones, which gave him prominence there among the strong and influential men of that body. He was especially solicitous for the welfare of the old soldier, for whom he labored with untiring zeal. The demands made upon him from a large and growing district were even too much for a naturally strong and vigorous nature, both physically and mentally, such as were his. He devoted himself assiduously to the toil imposed upon him, but he was unable to hold up under the burden and broke down.

Before the campaign of 1889 was over he was completely prostrated upon a bed of sickness. He never recovered from that illness, although changes of scene and of climate were tried unavailingly to restore him again to the full enjoyment of health. At times his condition was most hopeful and encouraging, but a relapse would follow and he would become despondent. He was afflicted with hemorrhoids, and thinking no doubt that it was partly the cause of his continued illness he requested an operation to be performed

for its radical cure. It seems to have been successfully performed, but the day after he was taken with a chill, followed by a high fever that the utmost medical skill could not control. He soon went into a comatose state, in which he lay for about forty-eight hours, while life slowly but surely ebbed away.

TRIBUTE FROM HIS OLD COMMANDER.

Gen. Henry A. Morrow, colonel U. S. Army, and during the war major-general of volunteers, said of **Maj. LAIRD**:

"Mr. LAIRD was a brave, generous, chivalric, truthful, tender-hearted, brilliant man; one who never turned his back to a foe or deserted a friend or a cause. I knew Maj. LAIRD from his boyhood—early boyhood—to the hour of his death. His last services as a soldier were under my command. Indeed, he was my ordnance officer when I commanded a provisional division in the Army of the Tennessee, in the summer of 1865. I knew him well—as well as one man can know another—and I am quite prepared, on my responsibility as an officer and a man, to say that I have met few men in my not short nor uneventful life who made a deeper impression on my mind and imagination than did JAMES LAIRD. I have said he was a *brave* man. That was attested in many a hard-fought battle, for he was in many of the great battles of the Army of the Potomac. But his courage—a quality common to *all* Americans—was almost the least conspicuous of his virtues. He was a man of deep sensibilities, of sterling integrity, of unflinching devotion to his friends, of great tenacity of purpose, of unswerving adherence to principles, of great acuteness of thought, of rich command of language, of a wide range of ideas on a great variety of subjects, of a luminous and deli-

cate judgment, and of inimitable grace and tact of conversation, fairly bristling with happy anecdotes and the brightest and gentlest humor. What his life had been as a soldier was his life as a legislator—free from all taint or suspicion of venality or cowardice. His oratory was brilliant, stirring, suggestive. I have heard an eminent Nebraska judge (Judge Hamer) say that Mr. LAIRD'S addresses to juries were impassioned, kindling, convincing. At the end of one of his jury efforts, jurors saw no way of escape except to render a verdict in favor of the eloquent advocate.

"My recollections of our friend are all of the most pleasant character. He dwells in my memory as a man fairly radiant with health, bright with the glow of intelligence, beaming with humor, brimfull of generous impulses. Maj. LAIRD served his constituents with fidelity and ability. It is not creditable to the inhabitants of the Second Congressional district that no public action has been taken to rear a suitable monument to his memory and that no public exercises have been held to pay tributes to the many excellent qualities of heart and head that made JAMES LAIRD, while living, an honest, useful public citizen, an eloquent and influential Congressman, an interesting social companion, and a true and incorruptible friend. He was the Chevalier Bayard of the bar of Nebraska."

* * * * * * *

SOME INCIDENTS IN HIS LIFE.

Mr. Tate, who preached the funeral sermon of Maj. LAIRD, called on the latter a few weeks before his death, in the hope of being able to say something that would cheer him up. Soon after entering the room Maj. LAIRD said:

"Tate, what can I do for you?" The answer was, "Get

well, Jim." LAIRD said: "I will do anything for you; what do you want?" Tate said: "I want you to get well," and left the room. LAIRD was so well pleased with this that he laughingly said: "When I die I want Tate to preach my funeral. He won't tell any lies about me."

* * * * * * *

Mr. Tate and Maj. LAIRD were to speak at a place 16 miles from Hastings; they missed the road and wandered around for three hours. The people in the country schoolhouse, after waiting half an hour, were going home, but an old widow who sat near the door said: "Don't go; he will come." So they waited a while longer and were going to start again; The old lady again said more emphatically, "Stay; he will come." Whenever they would talk of starting the widow would repeat, "He will come." LAIRD finally did come, made his speech, and being told that they would all have been at home only the lady, naming her, kept saying "He will come." LAIRD went to her and asked; "How did you know I would come?" She answered: "Years ago my husband died; left me with three little children. Because I was poor I was left to freeze and starve. You, sir, sent me coal to keep us warm and flour to eat. When the pension agent could not get my pension because there was a break in the proof (the mortgage would soon take the farm) I did not know what to do. I wrote to you about it. Instead of answering my letter you introduced a bill in Congress, passed it, followed it until signed by the President; then you wrote me I would get $1,800 inside of sixty days. I got it. You said you would come, so I knew you would."

* * * * *

FROM AN ADDRESS BY E. F. CHITTENDEN, DELIVERED AT THE STATE REUNION OF THE G. A. R., HELD AT GRAND ISLAND, NEBRASKA.

Mr. LAIRD'S personal heroism as a soldier was early and severely tested in battle, being himself five times wounded and once a prisoner, and in having his two elder brothers killed in action beside him. Few, indeed, were the volunteers who, like himself, fought their way up from the ranks to the position of major before reaching the age of seventeen; and those who knew him best will readily understand that he did his whole duty as a soldier, as he did in later years as a citizen, and that each step in his deserved promotion was heroically earned.

* * * * *

However, what *I* consider to have been his greatest virtue was the filial affection he ever manifested toward his widowed mother. The best rooms and apartments of his home, and the best of *everything* which money could procure, he considered scarcely good enough for *her*. No wonder, then, that she idolized *him*, and thought there was no one in all the wide world like "my Jamie." All other honors and excellencies, sink into insignificance compared with this, and will perish and be forgotten, possibly, while this crowning virtue will endure forever. All honor to his memory for thus honoring his aged widowed mother while she lived.

EXTRACT FROM MR. LAIRD'S EULOGY UPON GEN. GRANT AT G. A. R. REUNION, FREMONT, SEPTEMBER, 1885.

* * * * * * * *

I can not close without a word for our great comrade, who was made known to us through the companionship of suffering and danger. It was a mighty part that this dead general bore in the daily life of the world. He held his sword in trust for the good of *all* mankind. By the *grace of deeds*

done he is mightier than Cæsar, greater than Napoleon. Conquest guided the conquering feet of the first Roman. The bloody dream of glory and the bauble of kingly power edged the great Frenchman's sword. *Our* hero, *our* comrade, of all the foremost of the earth, is first to forego conquest, to forget glory, conquering only in the name of freedom, and that for all mankind; shedding human blood only in the name of the Union, and that of *all* these States. Not unlike all the great warriors of civilization, he is still, in our affectionate judgment, incomparably greater than any other in that he was so great as to be unconscious *of* his greatness. Modest as David, mighty as Saul, how eloquently the great words of the Lamentations apply to him: "He was stronger than a lion; he was swifter than an eagle; from the blood of the slain he *turned not back*, and from the fat of the mighty his sword returned not empty."

Glorious as was his war record, his after life was not less luminous. Faith, hope, charity; "and the greatest of these is charity." All these he had, and this charity, that is the greatest of virtues, earthly or divine, how greatly was it his—forgiving his adversary upon the very field of battle, bidding them to take home their swords and "beat them into plowshares." After the strife, so slow to smite, so swift to spare, so great, so merciful, so just!

* * * * *

FUNERAL CEREMONIES.

The funeral procession formed at Second street, in front of Mr. LAIRD's late residence, and moved to the Presbyterian church in the following order:

Hastings Cadet Band, Juniata.
James A. Garfield Post, No. 80, of Red Cloud.
Geary Post, No. 81, of Juniata.

Strong Post, No. 91, of Minden.
Geo. O. Oliver Post, No. 43, of Fairfield.
A. J. Smith Post, No. 65, of Doniphan.
Flower committee at grave, consisting of T. F. Pearl, A. H. Brown, and E. Manchester.
Silas A. Strickland Post, of Hastings.
Post-office employés of Hastings post-office.
Hon. Geo. W. E. Dorsey and ex-Governor Dawes.
Carriage containing Governor Thayer, Secretary of State Laws, and Dr. Stone, superintendent of Hastings Asylum.
Wagonette containing the following gentlemen from Lincoln: T. H. Benton, Auditor; J. E. Hill, State Treasurer; Wm. Leese, Attorney-General; Geo. B. Lane, Superintendent Public Instruction; John Steen, Commissioner P. L. and B.; C. H. Gere, E. P. Roggen, B. R. Cowdry, S. J. Alexander, R. O. Phillips, L. D. Richards, Fremont.
Adams County Bar association.
Wagonette containing pall bearers composed of Grand Army comrades.
Hearse drawn by four black horses and attended by ten colored pall bearers, as follows: A. J. Smith, Jas. Burton, Wm. Purrell, Wm. Wade, Henry Mosby, John Craig, John Francis, Ed. Early, R. S. Foster, and Peter Johnson.
Carriages containing relatives and friends.

AT THE CHURCH.

The interior of the large Presbyterian church was most elaborately dressed in badges of mourning. Along the railing of the gallery on the south side, red, white, and blue bunting, with drapery and streamers of black, were placed.

The pulpit was decorated with flowers and plants. To the right of the pulpit was a magnificent cross about 7 feet in height, covered with plants and blooming flowers. A flag on either side draped with mourning hung above the pulpit, and higher than all and above the organ in a large oval the letters "J. L.," covered with evergreen and dahlia blos-

soms. It was 1:30 o'clock when the procession entered the church. The casket when placed in front of the pulpit was covered with floral offerings, one a striking and beautiful design representing "gates ajar." In the front row sat Mrs. Beyeu, aunt, and William Beyeu, cousin of deceased; C. H. Paul, wife, and two children, and John Jacobson. In the next row were Governor Thayer, Secretary of State Laws, Treasurer Hill, Auditor Benton, Attorney-General Leese, Congressmen Dorsey and Connell.

The people flocked into the spacious auditorium and filled every nook and corner of the floor and gallery, while the great organ mournfully toned a funeral service.

Rev. J. G. Tate occupied the pulpit, and occupying seats on the platform were Revs. Crissman, Britt, Walters, Maupin, Fitch, and English. In the interim of waiting for the audience to get seated, Governor Thayer was called to the platform and took a seat next to Rev. Tate.

Services opened by the choir singing "Rock of Ages." It was well rendered by the following voices: Mrs. Campbell, soprano; Mrs. Rees, alto; Will Jones, base; T. L. Burger, tenor.

Rev. Maupin read a scripture lesson (I Cor., chap. xv), after which Rev. Britt delivered a most fervent prayer, in which he said that this great, generous, and loving heart is still; his voice will no longer be heard in defense of the weak and for the right. He referred most impressively to the soldier record and public career of the dead, and his pathetic utterances and words of consolation filled many eyes with tears.

The choir then sang "Passing Away," by L. O. Emerson. Its sentiment and its melody was most appropriate to the solemnity of the hour.

Rev. Geo. T. Crissman presided over the meeting and

introduced the speaker, Rev. J. G. Tate, chaplain of the State Senate, who delivered the following address:

The faithful fail from among the children of men.—*Psalms*, xii, 1.

When we are startled by any sudden or unexpected event, a temporary excitement is produced which unfits us for sound and impartial investigation or mature judgment as to the cause; and it is not until calm is restored that we intelligently inquire as to the why and wherefore thereof.

It is so in the case before us. So sudden, so unexpected was the smiting, so startled and alarmed were LAIRD'S friends when news of his sudden and probably fatal sickness was announced, that questioning and judgment were lost in mystery and grief.

This sad providence has lessons to teach. I should be faithless to my trust if I failed to endeavor to point them out. Among the lessons taught is this:

I. To expect the unexpected.

Of all men in this Congressional district, or indeed in this State, we looked for any to die rather than LAIRD.

Why? Because we had associated him with public affairs and personal friendships until these had shut out the grim visage of death. Things which we saw hid from view the unseen but no less real things of eternity. A splendid physique, robust health, and unceasing labor did not and could not suggest the near approach of death. The brightness of the sun's shining at noonday is not suggestive of coming night and darkness, and yet the darkness and the night are surely approaching. So the meridian splendor of this bright and shining life could not suggest the near approach of the night of death.

II. That the pet theory of modern science is not true in actual life, viz, "The survival of the fittest." We are told

that a law in nature has been discovered, the operation of which will eventually destroy all the inferior grades in every form of life and leave only those physically, mentally, and morally superior. This idea is not without some show of truth. One of its foundation stones is the law of subsistence. From the lowest order of insect life, through every grade of existence up to man, we see the superior preying upon and destroying the inferior, maintaining life by feeding upon other lives. Another is the desire in every human breast for supremacy and power. A careful observation of the results of the operation of these principles will show that the fittest do not always survive.

The conflict among animal life has been waged since animal life existed, but victory has always been with the human. Progress has always been with the human. In the animal kingdom there has been no upward tendency, save as the result of human training. No force in nature has been made subservient to their interests, or subject to their use and control. This superiority in man is not acquired, but inherent. He was born to kingship; the image of God indelibly stamped upon him is the seal of his sovereignty among all things earthly. Nor does the desire for supremacy among men prove the theory to be true. In this struggle, the base and unprincipled, the shrewd and designing, often reach positions of honor and trust, and live long and prosperous lives, while the truly great and really good are often defeated or die. I admit this is but a human conflict over which the Almighty exercises no arbitrary control.

But the operation of divine law does not differ. Death is a power beyond human control and yet the same results can be seen. Intelligence, morality, and religion are not passports to long life, nor to earthly honor and fame. If the

"survival of the fittest" was true in fact, then the Second Congressional district would not be without a representative, and this service would not be needed. Our brother would be living—living to fill out the measure of a brilliant and useful life.

III. It teaches the truth of a mature life and a final adjudication and just arrangement of human events and lives. Mysterious shadows flit across each scene in the drama of human existence, and in the twilight of reason, and the darkness of skepticism the shadows deepen but in the light of "immortality" and the Gospel the shadows lift and the inexplicable becomes as clear as the noonday. The Gospel of Christ is to us as is the sun to the earth. Noonday is past; watch the shadows as the sun recedes; they follow, they deepen; and when the sun goes down, darkness envelopes all things. So shadows of human history and events lengthen and deepen in proportion to the light of revelation that shines upon them, and they become total darkness when the light is blotted out. Let us look at Mr. LAIRD'S death in the light of reason and of revelation and see what it will teach.

Reason: If reason had ruled, he had not died. Reason could not have indorsed such an event. The light of reason enters not the regions that stretch away beyond the tomb. It deals only with the now. Of the future it can only guess. Knowing nothing of the future—reaching not into the beyond, it could not give indorsement to the smiting of strong and vigorous manhood with the paralysis of death. Heavy are the shadows and gloomy the light which reason sheds on this sad event. Let us try the light of Divine truth. In this light the casket still remains. Friends bend beneath the heavy burden of bitter bereavement. Our eyes are tear filled, and our lips quiver as we speak our last "good bye."

The grave awaits the form we love, and our friend goes from us. So far the shadows still abide; but hark!—in the stillness of this funeral hour, in this quiet, hallowed hush I hear a voice speaking strange and wondrous things: "Thy brother shall rise again." At the sound of that voice the shadows flee away and the soul is filled with a holy and glorious light. That voice is the voice of Jesus, and the light is the light of immortality. No voice but the voice of Jesus and no light but the light of Gospel can relieve the loneliness and solve the mystery of the dark valley. There is one word in our text which exactly expresses our idea of the departed: "faithful."

His was a rugged nature, so rugged that it could not be taken in at a glance; like mountain peaks, that stretch away until they lift their heads into the clouds and hide the fertile valleys between. Between the rugged peaks of his majestic nature there were rich and fertile valleys, seen only by those who were close to him. A superficial observer could note the grandeur but not the quality of his character. I would offer no fulsome praise, no words of mere flattery in this dead presence. Faults he had, failings and weaknesses marked his conduct in life. Do they not mark ours? Let him that is without fault cast the first stone. Lay them on his grave. They tell that he was human, but are an everlasting monument to the hypocrisy of those who cast them. No judgment of a life is just that does not consider all the elements that have made up that life.

To study a detached element in a character, and found our judgment upon the man therefrom, is very wrong. There has been but one perfect man, Christ. Studied in parts or as a whole, his life is perfect. Not so is it with us. All are marked, more or less, with evil and failures.

There is nothing like political contest to try a man's heart

and character. Twice have I canvassed this district with him. I have been close to his motives, near to his heart; his secrets I have heard, and now in this solemn hour I proclaim my friend a "faithful" man, faithful to his friends and to his foes. He eschewed all petty meanness; he fearlessly announced his principles, and calmly awaited the results. He was a faithful friend. A true friend is above price; he can not be valued. Every element of true friendship was united in Mr. LAIRD.

He was a faithful servant of his constituents. No task too arduous; no work so trivial but that it commanded his earnest and prompt attention. This fidelity as friend and servant won many hearts to him. The soldiers and the homesteaders of western Nebraska loved him; he was their true friend. He has gone from us; we may not see his face again on earth; his voice will no more be heard in the halls of our National Congress. We shall miss him as few men would be missed, and we shall sincerely mourn his loss. He has crossed the valley; he has forded the river; he is with his God.

SERVICES AT THE GRAVE.

It was after 4 o'clock when all had taken advantage of the opportunity to view for the last time the face of the dead friend and comrade; and the procession, re-forming in the same order as at the house, moved from the church to Second street, east on Second to St. Joe avenue, north on St. Joe to Seventh street, and thence to the cemetery. A hundred carriages or more took the more direct route to the cemetery; and when the cortege arrived there were two lines of vehicles extending from the cemetery almost to the colleges. The services at the grave were conducted by Silas A. Strickland Post of the Grand Army of the Republic, and the beautiful service of that order for dead comrades

was gone through without a hitch and in a most solemn and impressive manner. After the ritualistic service had been completed the Juniata company of militia fired three salutes over the grave, after which a bugler, taking his position at the head of the grave, sounded taps, and the large multitude of sorrowing friends reluctantly turned their faces toward the city and left the dead soldier and statesman to his last and undisturbed sleep.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF DEATH.

DECEMBER 18, 1889.

Mr. DORSEY. Mr. Speaker, it is my painful duty to announce to the House the death of my late colleague, Hon. JAMES LAIRD, representing the Second district of Nebraska. I ask the reading of the resolutions which I now send to the desk, but will not ask immediate action upon them, as other gentlemen desire to present similar resolutions.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House of Representatives has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. JAMES LAIRD, late member of this House from the Second district of Nebraska.

Resolved, That the Clerk be directed to notify the relatives of Hon. JAMES LAIRD of the passage of this resolution. Also, that the Clerk be directed to send a copy of this resolution to the Senate.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect the House do now adjourn.

EULOGIES.

APRIL 12, 1890.

Mr. LAWS. Mr. Speaker, I offer the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended, that an opportunity may be given for tributes to the memory of JAMES LAIRD, late a Representative from the State of Nebraska.

Resolved, That, as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, at the conclusion of these ceremonies the House shall stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

ADDRESS OF MR. LAWS, OF NEBRASKA.

Mr. SPEAKER: In asking this House to suspend for a time its usual and appropriate labors, to pay tribute of respect to the memory of a friend, late a member of this body, it is proper that some acknowledgment of this mark of esteem should be extended to this House and to those so kindly contributing by their presence and their words to the dignity and solemnity of this occasion.

The highest honor man can confer upon his fellow-man is the privilege of making laws for their common government; and when that privilege has been so used, and the consequent duty discharged with such fidelity as to meet the repeated approval of those conferring that high trust, it would seem

that the reasonable expectation of friends and a laudable ambition had been fully met, and that such a life, no matter when terminated, had been in an eminent degree honored and successful. But death comes to most men at an unexpected moment, and very often, to our weak judgment, at an unfortunate and inappropriate time, and while our lips are taught reverently to say "Thy will be done," our hearts rebel in silent anguish and our souls refuse to be comforted by the most ardent faith in the sweetest promises of the life to come.

JAMES LAIRD, late a member of the Fifty-first Congress, died at his home in Hastings, Nebr., August 17, 1889, aged forty years. He was born at Fowlerville, N. Y., June 20, 1849; removed with his parents to Michigan, where he was educated at Adrian College and Michigan University, graduating from the law school of the latter in 1871. He enlisted in the Union Army at the age of thirteen, and served until the close of the war. He was five times wounded, and promoted to the rank of major before reaching the age of seventeen. Always prominent in State affairs, he bore a conspicuous part in forming the present constitution of his adopted State, whence he was three times elected a member of Congress, and by increasing majorities at each succeeding election, doubly attesting the fact that his official life was approved by his constituents.

Endowed with a profusion of nature's choicest gifts—a vigorous and comprehensive intellect, a lively and well-sustained imagination, wit, humor, eloquence, courage, and tender sentiment, a fine physique, health, strength, and manly bearing—he ought to have lived to a round old age, and should have been gathered as the shock fully ripened for the harvest. But he was taken at the noontime, when the shadows fell nearest the pathway; when life was most

desirable and life's work most useful; when the summons to one of the youngest and strongest of their fellows was a surprise and a sorrow to his friends and to his colleagues upon this floor.

No extended delineation of his character will be attempted by me. Standing in this presence, to say that he had no faults would be to claim for him that he was not human, and would be as offensive to him living as untruthful of him dead. He despised shams and pretenses in all their forms. What he seemed he was, what he thought he said, what he felt was right he did. He sought the foe in the open field, refused ambush, and practiced no disguise. To achieve success or promote a personal end he never compromised with an enemy and never betrayed a friend. He feared no man nor hated one. He believed in God and loved his fellow-man. The generosity of his nature was as boundless as the prairies of his home, where the sun sets as on the sea.

In the softer charities of human weal, in the relation of husband and father, he never lived. Two brothers fell fighting by his side on the battlefield, and another was killed by accident on the Western plains. An aged father, then a widowed mother left him, some years ago, the sole surviving member of his family, "to walk the path of life alone."

As a citizen, JAMES LAIRD was public-spirited, progressive, liberal, and wise. As a lawyer, he was able, earnest, industrious, and faithful to the interests of those he served.

As a soldier, he was ever found at the post of duty, displaying the highest form of moral courage, seeing and knowing a danger, yet daring to meet it. Bold, dashing, and impetuous, he was a born leader of men, inspiring confidence by the exhibition of his own courage, commanding obedience

by his strong and unyielding will, and winning admiration by the quickness and correctness of his judgment.

Like every true soldier, the flag of his country was ever the object of his veneration. To him that flag was not simply a few yards of tricolored bunting, but a symbol of majesty and power. It was the emblem of his country, her greatness, her beneficence, and her power, her people, her institutions, and her laws, with every rod of territory, wherever might be seen or felt the print of human foot, the touch of human hand, or the beat of human heart, sacredly dedicated to liberty, justice, and right.

But, Mr. Speaker, the fires of passion that burned unceasingly in his being are quenched. The currents of the rich red blood of health that coursed through his veins are choked at the fountain. The warm glow of physical health that literally flowed off his finger-ends is chilled. And during the long weary months of pain and sickness, when strength failed; when the strong will was bowed and broken; when the bright and powerful intellect was clouded; when, burdened with the weight of public cares and duties undischarged for want of health, worn and worried because of promises yet unfulfilled and useful work yet uncompleted, friends, in kindness all, could not be made to feel that he whose strong right arm had turned aside the blow not aimed at self, that he who oft had met the storm of battle undismayed, indeed was faint and weak. Under such a strain endurance ceased, the mind was turned, the heart was grieved, and in solitude he sought relief. He closed his door for rest and peace, and thus to him came death.

Of him I say what I believe:

> He kept a faithful friendship with his friends,
> Whom loyally he served before himself.
> He locked his lips too close to tell a lie,
> He washed his hands too white to touch a bribe.

ADDRESS OF MR. CONGER, OF IOWA.

Mr. SPEAKER: JAMES LAIRD has gone from our midst forever.

At the sound of your gavel the whirl and bustle and noise of this Hall has ceased, and we his brothers pay feeling tribute to his memory.

To the world such ceremonies as these may seem only formal and perfunctory. But to us they are the earnest tributes of devoted friends, duties saddened by painful loss, and yet hallowed by delightful memories.

The friendships and associations formed here are akin to those of school-boy days; but are strengthened and broadened by the weight of great public trusts and the highest public duties.

When a trusted link snaps and drops out of the chain thus forged, the loss is severe and felt by all. JAMES LAIRD was one of the strong men of this House.

I knew him only as a Representative in Congress, and shall speak of him only as such, leaving to others more familiar with it to tell the story of his earlier life.

Our acquaintance began with the Forty-ninth Congress. Upon my arrival here I found him just entering upon his second term, though already filling the place and taking the rank of an older member.

I became intimately associated with him on committee and other service, and learned to know, respect, and trust him. He was young in years, yet old in equipment and experience.

He was a man of superb physical development, a perfect athlete. Intellectually he was a giant; his mind was as

strong and as active as his muscle. He thought rapidly and exhaustively. He came to his conclusions quickly, but came to stay.

He was a man of strong convictions, and fought for them courageously and relentlessly. His oratory was brilliant; he was fiery in debate, struck hard, but always fair, and many of us will remember him for his keen thrusts and stunning blows, but we will always honor him for the earnest, honest, manly way in which they were given.

He was fearless as a lion, and having once determined his duty, no power could turn him from it. A most notable exhibition of this trait was his conduct in the famous Fitz John Porter case. Upon his first arrival here he found his old commanding general again on trial. He immediately rushed to his defense, as when a boy of only thirteen he rushed to the defense of his country and its flag. It mattered little to him what older members thought or advised; he believed a great wrong had been done his old commander, and he determined to do whatever was in his power to right that wrong.

The position which he took, the vote he was about to cast, was not popular among his colleagues or constituents. In fact, he was vigorously pressed by them to take the other side, and threats of political retribution were made if he did not do it. He, however, was unmoved, and stood firm as a rock, and I can pay no higher tribute to this splendid trait of his character than to quote his own words on this occasion.

After saying that he should vote "first, last, and all the time" for the relief of General Porter, he went on:

> And let me remark to the gentlemen who seek to bring the menace of future punishment to bear upon the discharge of present duty, that if I knew this act of mine would end my bodily existence, as you say it may end my official one, then still would I do it; and I would thank God that my loyalty to my country, as I understand her honor; that my loyalty to my

general, as I understand my duty; that my loyalty to the truth, as I know it to be, was strong enough to lift my conduct above the possibility of the ignominious charge to come from cowardly considerations affecting my life or future condition.

Such courage and such devotion are worthy emulation. He loved his friends, and was beloved by them in return. He was not perfect; none are perfect in this world; and yet his virtues so outweighed and outshone his faults, that his friends admired him, his State honored him, and his country was devotedly served by him. Now he is dead. Peace to his ashes! But what is death? That which endeth all? No. "Death is nothing but the middle point between two lives—between this and another." And I have learned to believe that the other is so much better, so much brighter in hope, grander in possibility, and more splendid in realities, that it matters little when we pass the middle point.

We should not too darkly nor deeply mourn the passage of our friends to the other side, but heroically smothering the grief for our mortal loss, rejoice over their mortal gain; and learning the best possible lessons from their lives, make surest preparation for fit companionship with them when shall come our time to tread—

> The great world's altar stairs,
> That slope through darkness up to God.

ADDRESS OF MR. CUTCHEON, OF MICHIGAN.

Mr. SPEAKER: I shall not on this occasion indulge in any extensive or elaborate eulogy of our deceased colleague. When I first entered this Hall as a member of this House in December, 1883, one of the first members to meet me and to greet me was our deceased friend and colleague JAMES LAIRD, of Nebraska. Our previous acquaintance

had been nominal only. The interest which I took in him and which he took in me had been vicarious rather than personal.

When, as a young man, in 1859, I left the halls of my *alma mater*, the University of Michigan, and became principal of a small academy in southern Michigan, I found there two young men by the name of Laird; and before the close of the term there came with them to attend the closing exercises a lad, as small almost as the smallest of these pages, who I afterwards found was their brother. I lost sight of him then, and never to my knowledge met him again personally until he came to me in this Chamber and introduced himself as that same lad, JAMES LAIRD. In the mean time the two brothers who had been under my instruction both died in the cause of the Union as soldiers in the Army. This trifling circumstance of our first meeting was the slender thread that first bound us; but when we found ourselves a few weeks later in adjacent seats at the same committee table, where we served together continuously side by side for six years, through three Congresses, this beginning of an acquaintanceship ripened into a friendship which lasted as long as life endured.

On the very first occasion in which I participated in debate upon this floor I found my colleague and myself upon opposite sides of the question. I discovered on that occasion the quality of his steel. It was that debate, now historical, in regard to the restoration to the Army of General Fitz John Porter. Mr. LAIRD had left his home when a mere boy (I think about thirteen years of age), had enlisted in the Sixteenth Michigan Infantry, had gone to the front, and became one of the famous Fifth Army Corps, which was then under the command of General Porter. So when he found his old chieftain attacked here, with all the enthusiasm of his

boyish admiration and love, and with all the vigor and strength of his manhood, he came to his defense.

Although we differed profoundly in our judgment as to the merits of that case, I never ceased to admire and respect the chivalry, the earnestness, and the enthusiasm with which he entered into his view of it. This was characteristic of the man. Whenever he participated in debate his methods were earnest, direct, and eloquent. There was in his voice the sound of the ring of the saber; there was in his utterances the rattle of small arms in battle. In the committee-room we found him always attentive to his duties, always faithful to each trust reposed in him, laborious and careful in the examination of his facts; but when his mind was made up, earnest and pertinacious in the defense of that which he believed to be right. His career in this body was marked by these characteristics of manly boldness, of directness, of unquestioned ability; by zeal in the support or defense of whatever measures seemed to merit his support or his defense.

When we first met here I suppose that if we had been called upon to select the one of us all who was apparently marked by a vigorous constitution and by apparent robust health for long life and continued usefulness, no one would have been more unanimously selected than Mr. LAIRD. This perfect soundness of health was first invaded by an accident he met with in this city during his second term in Congress, which confined him for a long period, and later disease fastened upon him. I shall never forget how on the day after his last election as a member of this body, the morning after the November election of 1888, I received a telegram from Mr. LAIRD from his home in Nebraska, telling me that he was nervously prostrated and terribly afflicted with insomnia, and asking if I could make any suggestions

for his relief. I gave him such counsel as I could. He did not take his seat as a member of this body after the election in the second session of the Fiftieth Congress, but went at once, I believe, to Hot Springs, in Arkansas, whence he came to this city for the purpose of taking his seat, but with health too enfeebled to permit him to do so.

We never met him again in this Chamber, and now his personality is but a memory—a personality marked, indeed, in its characteristics, strong in its patriotism, vigorous in its sense of right and justice. Mr. Speaker, in the fullness of powers he has gone the way of all the earth. He has but preceded you and me by the span of a few years, maybe a few months, possibly a few days. It is not of so much consequence, Mr. Speaker, when we shall go as it is how we shall go. It is not the future that we should stand in fear of so much as the present. Character is destiny. Each day comes to us the monition that life's work is rapidly passing beyond our grasp, and that the work we have to do must be done speedily.

Almost hourly, while we unite in these eulogies, we await the intelligence that one of the oldest, most honored, and most useful members that ever sat in this Chamber has left the haunts of living men for the place of the departed. Already during this session two of the oldest in service and most respected members of this body, the gentleman from Pennsylvania, Mr. Kelley, and the gentleman from New York, Mr. Cox, have taken their places in the great American Pantheon.

So one after another we shall each take our departure, and these halls and corridors shall know us no more forever, and from the life of each may be drawn lessons for the living which shall be profitable to us and to our children. Thus, from the life of our colleague, for whom we pause

this brief moment that we may pay these feeble tributes, we may draw the lesson of obstacles overcome, of manly courage, of fervid patriotism, of persevering effort, and finally of useful and honored service to the people whom he represented.

ADDRESS OF MR. MAISH, OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Mr. SPEAKER: Since the late war political preferment has been largely bestowed upon young men who were participants in the contest on one side or the other. The patriotic soldier received, as he merited, the confidence of his fellow-citizens, and hence for the last twenty-five years a large proportion of the members of this body had borne a part in the Union Army. Mr. LAIRD was one of these, and I doubt not it was his gallant services as a soldier that first won the good opinion of his people. He was well qualified by education, experience, and assiduous devotion to public duty to firmly engage the support of the people, and the best evidence that he succeeded in doing so is that he was sent by them to this House for four successive Congressional terms. There can be no doubt that had he lived he would have continued a member of this body many years longer.

Mr. LAIRD was a conspicuous member of this House. He frequently participated in its debates, and he always displayed a clear comprehension of the questions he undertook to discuss. Whilst he was a Republican of the strictest sect, he yet was a man of independent views, as was evidenced by his address upon the tariff question, delivered in the remarkable debate upon that subject in the last Congress.

He was scrupulously attentive to the needs of his constit-

uents and his State, and watched with careful vigilance the public measures introduced into Congress. The farmers of this country especially always found in him an ardent advocate of their interests. My acquaintance with Mr. LAIRD extended over a period of only two years. We were, however, members of the same committee, and I was therefore frequently brought into close contact with him. My knowledge of him, however, enables me to say without hesitation that the State of Nebraska in his death lost an able, devoted, and most useful representative.

I last saw Mr. LAIRD at Atlantic City, N. J., soon after the adjournment of the last Congress. It was, alas, too apparent then that death had already marked him for his own. His awful shadow was already upon him. How sad the contrast. Only a few months before we saw him in these halls, the perfection of manly form and intellectual vigor. Disease put its dreadful blight upon him, and in a few days the struggle was over. His case, Mr. Speaker, should recall to our minds with peculiar emphasis the solemn fact, so aptly expressed by the great Burke, "What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue."

ADDRESS OF MR. TARSNEY, OF MISSOURI.

Mr. SPEAKER: As I listen to-day to the eloquent and heartfelt tributes that have been paid by gentlemen on this floor to the worth and character of him whose memory we commemorate, it seems to me as if I did but listen to the reading of the history of a noble life, in which the authors of such history had, because of limited association, dealt only with a small period of the existence of that life.

My friends who have spoken of their deceased colleague knew him as a man of mature years or as a legislator while

a member of this body only. Well and fitly have they spoken the history of that period of his life, and no tribute to his character and worth as a representative of the people in this House has to-day been uttered that will not meet with loving response from the hearts of all his countrymen.

Brief as was his public career, he yet left a record upon the pages of his country's history without which that history were not well or fully written. Brief as was that career, it was yet of sufficient span to make his name a household word with those who observe with interest the affairs of their country. Such an intellect as he possessed does not require the allotted time of man's life to make its impress upon the world.

Mr. Speaker, although it was not my privilege to serve in this Chamber with our departed friend, and therefore I can not speak from association or observation of his legislative work as those can who were his colleagues, yet, sir, during the last years he was a member of this House my interest or attention was never attracted to the proceedings of this body without thoughts of him, for between him and me there existed ties of friendship stronger and more enduring than those ordinarily binding man to his fellow-man. It was not the friendship of an hour or of a few brief years, but was a friendship strong as brotherly love, binding us together from childhood, that caused me to watch with brotherly interest every act of his public career.

Mr. Speaker, I would leave to others who were his daily associates and coworkers in shaping the legislation of the country the friendly task of doing justice to his character and ability as a legislator, but may I not be permitted to refer to one event in the legislative career of my dead friend that marked the strong individuality and manhood of his character?

No public measure has in recent years attracted wider attention or aroused more partisan feeling throughout the country than a measure presented for the consideration of the Forty-ninth Congress. That was a measure seeking to reverse the action of the Government, by which, if the Government had erred, a grievous wrong and injustice had been done an innocent man who was a great soldier.

The measure aroused personal and partisan antagonisms in and out of Congress. It was a long and bitter struggle, and for a time it seemed involved in doubt whether it would be determined by the application of principles of right and justice or by the cohesive principles of party allegiance and party fealty.

Sir, I observed with no common interest the course and outcome of the struggle over that measure, and I observed with pride and admiration the manly and chivalric course of my friend who, standing for right and justice as he believed, dared to confront and challenge the purpose and determination of the great majority of his party associates, and never hesitating, never faltering under the great pressure of the hour, by his eloquence, by the confidence of his associates in the honesty of his convictions, and by his manly and courageous bearing, added measurably to the result. But, sir, it is not of him as a legislator I would speak, for it was not as such I knew him best.

Mr. Speaker, as I stand here to-day, as it were, over the open grave of JAMES LAIRD, it is not of the lawyer, the orator, or the statesman that I am thinking. It is not in any of these characters, though he was great in all, that he is recalled to me. I see him now as the playmate of my earliest boyhood days, the companion and schoolmate of my riper youth, and the comrade of the years that followed in the field of arms.

JAMES LAIRD was born in the State of New York, but when a mere child his parents removed to Hillsdale County, Michigan, then almost a wilderness. It was there that I, only slightly his senior, first knew him, and there and then commenced a friendship that death can not sever. His father was a native of Scotland, a minister of the Presbyterian faith, a man of strong intellectual powers and of wonderful eloquence of speech, qualities richly inherited by his son.

In that semiwilderness, with only the advantages and comforts afforded in a pioneer community, we passed the first years of our lives together in attendance at the district school. Oft have I contested in friendly rivalry with him for the prizes offered at that institution which is the feature of the pioneer settlement devised for the combined purpose of amusement and intellectual development, the evening spelling school. The village academy, under the tutelage of our distinguished friend from Michigan [Mr. Cutcheon], followed the district school, and then came the war, with its tests for separating the gold from the dross of American manhood. In 1862 we both entered the Army. In one of the first regiments to leave the State at the beginning of the war each of us had two elder brothers. In this organization I enlisted and joined his brothers and my own; he enlisted in another regiment, but yet we were not separated, for our regiments were assigned to the same division.

Following every battle in which we were engaged, scarcely would the firing cease when he would come with anxious, loving heart to find how fared it with those he loved. Once, sir, for him there was a sad coming; it was on the night that followed that dread day of the 2d of July at Gettysburgh. He came to find a brother dead, a friend he loved missing and his fate unknown. Sir, the iron of the sorrow of that

dread night entered his soul and never departed, but remained a living sorrow to the last day of his life.

Mr. Speaker, eulogies have been pronounced over the graves of tyrants, monuments have been erected to the memories of mailed murderers of peoples and of nations, poets have sung of dead orators and statesmen, but he of whom I speak was greater than any of these—he was an obedient son, a kind playmate, a loving friend, an affectionate brother. True, he possessed the courage that makes heroes and martyrs. True, he was a brave soldier. True, he had all the chivalry of the most noble knight of the Middle Ages. True, he had eloquence and possessed the elements of statesmanship. But he had more than all these. He had a manly heart. His affections were as gentle as those of a sister, his friendship as abiding as a mother's love. With the courage of strong manhood, in him were combined all the tenderness and gentleness of a sympathetic woman's nature.

Mr. Speaker, while I was intimately associated with our lost friend from childhood to the end of his noble life, while as I stand here to-day seemingly in the presence of him dead, there crowds in upon my memory a long train of incidents connected with his life which to me mark the grandeur and nobility of his character, yet there is one incident of our association which preëminently marked the loving and lovable character of the man, an incident the memory of which shall never fade from my mind while I shall live.

While on a visit to this city some three years since my friend invited me to ride with him. We crossed the river and rode over yonder hills, where our camp had been pitched in the days of war, and where now sleep in death so many of our companions in that great struggle. As we rode along naturally our conversation was of the events of those years of war, and then we spoke of our parting at Gettysburgh.

He told how, when the sun went down and night brought a lull in the storm of battle, he sought out the remnant of the regiment to which I belonged, and in company with his brother and mine started over the field, each in search of a missing brother; told of moving here and there all night long with torch in hand to light up the sulphurous cloud that hung like a pall over the dead-covered field, and while groans and shrieks and cries rent the air, they threw the flashings of their torchlights into the upturned faces of dead friend and foe, seeking, yet hoping not to find, those for whom they sought; told of the coming of the morning sun and of the finding of one of those for whom they sought, his brother, dead, where he had fallen in the midst of the carnage.

Sir, there are occasions when it is manly for strong men to weep. Though twenty-five years had flown and gone by, the love in his heart for that dead brother was as fresh and green as on the day of the events he was reciting, and as he neared the end of his recital his voice grew husky, his strong frame shook like that of a woman in anguish, and tears rolled down his manly cheeks. Sir, those tears were coined out of the sympathies and love of a heart as noble and grand as God ever set in the frame of man, and to-day I feel more just pride in the memory of my friend, in the nature those tears evidenced, than though I should be able to boast of him that he had ruled empires or led armies to slaughter.

Mr. Speaker, though JAMES LAIRD, by his learning, his energy, and his commanding abilities won for himself honor and fame among his fellow-men, yet there have been but few men for whom honors and fame had less value than for him, and few indeed have had less incentive to strive for such prizes than had he.

His associates who observed his energies, his studious character, his attention and devotion to duty; who admired

his manly demeanor, his courteous bearing, and who were the recipients of his cheerful, kindly greetings, did not all know that within that perfect exterior there dwelt a heart burning with volcanic fires of living sorrow; a heart sorrowing as sorrowed the heart of a Rachel for loved lost ones, mourning "because they are not."

What to him were honors and fame when all who were nearest and dearest to him, and to whom his honor and fame might have given joy and gladness, had been laid away in the silent grave before such honors or fame had been earned or won?

To those who knew him as we who are here to-day knew him it is a sad thought that during all his long and final illness there was at his bedside no wife, no child, no parent, no brother or sister to minister to his wants, to soothe his pain, to comfort him with thoughts of love, and at the moment of his death to sustain him with assurance of the truth of the promise that death is the beginning of endless life.

There is, however, consolation in the thought that for him death was not separation from, but reunion with, those he loved best. Mr. Speaker, the winds that fan the prairies of the State he honored here never sang requiem over the grave of one who filled better than he all the measures of a good son, loving brother, true friend, valiant soldier, and fearless, honest legislator.

ADDRESS OF MR. YODER, OF OHIO.

Mr. SPEAKER: The shadow of a great grief has again fallen upon us. The reaper Death, with dark and heavy hand, has once more entered this Hall, and gathered to his fathers our friend and brother JAMES LAIRD. We, full of life and vigor, shrink from the thought of death, yet ever and anon with cold and icy hand he touches the comrade at our side, and, compelled, we meditate and mourn. Yet the departure of our friend is but the presage of what must come to all. Yea, death is the common lot, and with unfailing certainty his knock will be heard at the door of every household, and every inmate must sooner or later answer the call. Though we often bend over the bier and look on the face of the dead, yet the departure of our friends at an unexpected moment shocks us indeed and overwhelms us with sorrow.

Our colleague bade fair to reach the allotted age to man of three-score years and ten. But it was not so. In full prime he was cut down. For the vigorous, the strong, and the active, such as he was, we expect long life, happiness, and joy in full fruition. But such was not the decree. The summons came; it must be obeyed be he king or subject, prince or peasant, and our friend met it with a brave heart, and with a courage as unflinching as in life. He was prepared. He had trusted not in the world, nor in its fleeting honors, nor in the pleasures and gaieties of the passing moment that quickly fade and die, but as a wise man, had laid up treasure where neither moth nor rust corrupts nor thieves break through and steal.

The departed was a man of many excellent attributes.

Kind, courteous, attentive, obliging, he won by his correct and manly character. Although possessed of a strong physique, firm resolution, and decided convictions, he was as tender as a child in affection, ever open to the truth, and quick to correct an error. To the one who had gained his confidence his fidelity was unchanging. He delighted in doing good, avoided none, and would go far to confer a favor. Such a one, wherever he may be, fills a large space in a world of instability and change and deceit.

I knew him well. We sat side by side in the committee-room, met daily on this floor, and he was always the same gentle, free, amiable character. There was nothing in him of pretense, nothing of deceit, nothing untrue. His industry was unceasing, his energy tireless, his discrimination quick, his judgment good, and his counsel safe.

But he is gone! No word that we can speak or thought that we can utter will reach the ear or touch that heart now stilled in death; but his memory we will fondly treasure. Noble man, thou hast acted well thy part; rest in the joy of thy full reward.

ADDRESS OF MR. CONNELL, OF NEBRASKA.

Mr. SPEAKER: Once more the busy turmoil of the House is hushed in memory of the dead. All differences, political or sectional, are silenced. Contentions and controversies are forgotten, while with a common sorrow we offer our tributes to the memory of a departed brother.

In summing up the life and character of my late colleague from Nebraska I would not, if I could, paint a picture free from blemish. It would be out of harmony with the world and all mankind. Frailties are incident to the most exalted

characters. Faults and failings are the shadows which nature, no less than art, demands for her most perfect work.

As a new member I had hoped to receive the friendly counsel of my colleague in place of joining in this memorial service. During his three terms as a member of the Forty-eighth, Forty-ninth, and Fiftieth Congresses he was a striking and picturesque character on the floor of this House. He was a remarkable combination of extremes. His character was of the composite type, having in it the ruggedness and grandeur of the mountain, with the genial warmth and beauty of the valley. He was a true child of the prairie. Like a Western cyclone, he carried everything before him with irresistible force. His physique was powerful and his manner intensely dramatic. He was a tower of strength. His strength, however, was his greatest weakness. He seemed to know the laws of nature only to violate them. Like a powerful engine, with steam at double pressure, he failed to heed the warning of the brakes until the collision came.

After the close of his labors at the last session of Congress he immediately entered upon the work of the political campaign in Nebraska with his characteristic zeal and earnestness. Neither sleep nor rest seemed to be required by him. On all sides were his services demanded, and to every call he made response. A few days prior to the election in November, when the work which he had outlined for himself was well-nigh completed, he was suddenly prostrated and rendered unable to fill his engagements for the last days of the campaign. This work was unnecessary so far as his own election was concerned, as the large majority which he received will attest. For a time he seemed to rally, but he was never again the "Jim Laird" of old. He returned to Washington, but not to active service.

The fire which had burned with intensity had become smoldering embers. The light which had shone with brilliancy had become a flickering flame. Once more he sought his old home in Nebraska, where, with freedom from care and perfect rest, it was hoped the old flush of health would return. When this hope seemed in fair way of realization, a surgical operation of supposed slight consequence was deemed necessary. It was, however, attended with fatal results.

On the morning of August 7, 1889, JAMES LAIRD passed to his eternal rest. He was born June 20, 1849, at Fowlerville, Livingston County, N. Y. As a mere boy, when only thirteen years of age, he entered the Army, enlisting as a private in the Sixteenth Michigan Infantry. He served with the Army of the Potomac until the close of the war. Upon receiving an honorable discharge, July 8, 1865, he returned to his home near Hudson, Mich. He soon afterwards entered the Michigan University at Ann Arbor, and graduated from the law college in 1871. The following year he removed to Juniata, Nebr., where he entered upon the active practice of his profession. He subsequently removed to Hastings, Nebr., which place continued his home until the time of his death.

It was my privilege, in company with my colleagues, Congressmen Dorsey and Laws, to attend his funeral. The day was beautiful and the services impressive. In the soft twilight of the afternoon the emaciated form of our departed friend and brother was lowered to its final resting place. His life work on earth is ended. In the prime of his manhood his career is cut short. May we not hope that in the world beyond will be witnessed the rounding of a life so brilliant, so brief, and so incomplete? Surely there is a life immortal, wherein may be realized the pure ideal which few,

if any, this side of the ocean which separates the present from the future have ever attained.

> O life! what mystery thy birth enshrouds.
> For ages past hath man in vain essayed
> This mystery to solve—thy origin to learn.
> O soul! my soul! speak out and tell me clear
> Whence came thou here? Whence thy deep yearning for
> Immortal life? Methinks I hear thee say,
> "Be still and trust. In God we live and move
> And have our being; more we can not know."

ADDRESS OF MR. DORSEY, OF NEBRASKA.

Mr. SPEAKER: Again the business of this House has been suspended, and we put aside our cares, we pause in our deliberations that we may pay a brief tribute to the memory of one who when last seen upon this floor gave promise of many years of useful service to his State. Death has made fearful demands upon the membership of the present Congress. Those who were in the prime of manhood as well as those who have passed the allotted three-score and ten have been taken from among us, and now the sad duty devolves of paying due respect to the memory of our deceased friend and colleague.

My first meeting with Mr. LAIRD occurred soon after he had selected for his future home the fertile plains of Nebraska and cast his lot with the hardy pioneers he found there. He located first at the little town of Juniata, in the county of Adams. This section of Nebraska was at that time sparsely settled and society was in an unorganized condition; but this then undeveloped country promised a rich reward to one who was willing to put his shoulder to the wheel and persevere, and here he commenced the practice of

his profession. At our first meeting I was attracted to him by his frank, open manner and his sturdy manliness, and during these intervening years we have been thrown much together. I always found him the same genial, companionable man that I first met, never cast down in defeat, and never unduly elated in the hour of success.

During the last days of his attendance upon the meetings of this body he would have been among the last selected as the probable subject of a memorial like this. Though allotted but a few brief years among us, his life was filled with stirring events. Entering the service of his country when a mere youth, he participated in all the great battles fought by the Army of the Potomac. He was a brave and fearless soldier and served the country he loved faithfully and well. His strong arm was one among the first stretched forth to uphold our starry flag in the hour of the nation's dire distress. He was loyal to his country, and not less loyal to his friends. He was proud of the fact that his name appeared upon the rolls of that grand organization, the Army of the Potomac, an army more renowned than that which followed the great Napoleon across the Alps or closed about the Iron Duke at Waterloo. And the din of battle, the weary march, and the solemn reverie before the dawn of days which had in store for him he knew not what, was the school in which he developed, and he came out a man in all that word implies.

At the close of the war he returned to his home in Michigan and took up again the broken thread of his study, determined to fit himself for life's great struggle and to grapple with such obstacles to his progress as the future might disclose. He graduated from the law school at Ann Arbor, and then, like hundreds of those who had served with him, he came to the new State of Nebraska, where he at once took

his position as a leader in the new community in which he settled. He was sent to the convention called to formulate a constitution for our State, and there made for himself a reputation as an earnest worker, a ready debater, and a judicious counselor. He soon attained a high position at the bar and was engaged in the trial of many important cases. When the apportionment was made under the census of 1880, and Nebraska was given three Representatives in this legislative Hall, Mr. LAIRD was elected to represent the Second district in the Forty-eighth Congress, and was reëlected to the Forty-ninth, Fiftieth, and Fifty-first Congresses, at the last election receiving the largest majority ever given in his district. He had a very strong hold upon the hearts of his people, and especially of the old soldiers, to whom he gave loving and earnest service.

As a member of this House he was always kindly considerate of the rights of others, and anxious to do everything that would tend to advance the interests of the Great West. He was a useful member, and served faithfully his State and country. He was assigned to a place on the Committee on Military Affairs during his entire service in this body, and it was largely through his efforts that the bill was passed making provision for homes for disabled soldiers in every State in the Union. His old comrades in the Second district feel that his loss to them is irreparable. During the first session of the Fiftieth Congress, which was prolonged through the heat of summer, Mr. LAIRD was compelled to remain at his post of duty. He was urged by his friends to refrain from work and take the recreation he so much needed, but he refused to do so until the measures in which he was interested had been disposed of.

Before the close of the session he returned to his home and threw himself with all the energy of his nature into the polit-

ical contest then raging. He made appointments for meetings, and on many days made two addresses at points many miles apart. His strength, greatly impaired, gave way before the campaign was over, and he, prostrated from overwork, was compelled to return to his home and place himself under the care of his physician. He rallied from this attack, but was not able to again take his seat in this Chamber. He fought manfully against the malady that had taken hold upon him, but was unable to conquer it.

Mr. LAIRD was a man of strong convictions and of great capacity for labor, and had his life been spared he would undoubtedly have been asked to serve his district here until his State or his country should call him higher; but he was stricken in the prime of life, in the midst of a public career of which any man might well be proud. When he realized that the sands of his life were run, that he was called to face the great unknown, he contemplated the coming darkness without a tremor, he gazed into the valley of the shadow with the calmness of—

> One that wraps the drapery of his couch
> About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

The resolutions were unanimously adopted; and the House accordingly (at 4 o'clock and 50 minutes p. m.) adjourned.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF DEATH.

DECEMBER 19, 1890.

Mr. MANDERSON. I ask that the Chair lay before the Senate resolutions received from the House of Representatives announcing the death of Hon. JAMES LAIRD, of Nebraska.

The VICE PRESIDENT. The Chair lays before the Senate resolutions from the House of Representatives, which will be read.

The Chief Clerk read as follows:

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, *December* 18, 1889.

Resolved, That the House of Representatives has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. JAMES LAIRD, late member of this House from the Second district of Nebraska.

Resolved, That the Clerk be directed to notify the relatives of Hon. JAMES LAIRD of the passage of this resolution. Also, that the Clerk be directed to send a copy of this resolution to the Senate.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect the House do now adjourn.

Mr. MANDERSON. I offer the following resolutions for the consideration of the Senate:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with deep regret the announcement of the death of Hon. JAMES LAIRD, late a member of the House of Representatives from the State of Nebraska.

Resolved, That as an additional mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the Senate do now adjourn.

Understanding that there are communications of a similar character as to other deceased members of the House of Representatives, I do not ask for action upon the resolutions at present.

EULOGIES.

SEPTEMBER 18, 1890.

The VICE PRESIDENT. The hour of 4 o'clock having arrived, the Chair lays before the Senate resolutions from the House of Representatives, which will be read.

The Chief Clerk read as follows:

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, *December* 18, 1889.

Resolved, That the House of Representatives has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. JAMES LAIRD, late member of this House from the Second district of Nebraska.

Resolved, That the Clerk be directed to notify the relatives of Hon. JAMES LAIRD of the passage of this resolution. Also, that the Clerk be directed to send a copy of this resolution to the Senate.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect the House do now adjourn.

Mr. MANDERSON. Mr. President, I offer the resolutions which I send to the desk.

The VICE PRESIDENT. The resolutions will be read.

The Chief Clerk read as follows:

Whereas the Senate has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. JAMES LAIRD, late a member of the House of Representatives from the State of Nebraska:

Resolved, That the business of the Senate be now suspended, in order that fitting tribute be paid to his memory.

Resolved, That as an additional mark of respect the Senate, at the conclusion of these ceremonies, do adjourn.

ADDRESS OF MR MANDERSON, OF NEBRASKA.

Mr. PRESIDENT: Death, that "sinless, stirless rest—that change which never changes"—is the common lot of all. "It is as natural to die as to be born," and yet its happening seems often the unnatural, and in no case so markedly as when it comes to man at the age when muscular strength, mental vigor, and virile capacity should be at the maximum.

To the child, with its undeveloped forces, delicate frame, weak mentality, and slight resisting power, the change comes so easily, that it is almost the expected. To the old man, with emasculated energies, worn-out body, enfeebled physical and mental powers, who has reached the time spoken of by the Preacher, when he is "afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail," the great transition comes as a relief, and seems as natural as the fall of some tree in the forest, whose dead top and bare, specter-like arms, lifted beseechingly towards heaven, tell of the sapless trunk and the dead heart.

But we expect nourishing shade, the springing of leaf and bud and flower, when root and trunk and branch show the vigor of maturity without decadence of strength; and when such a tree falls it carries all the shock of that happening which is opposed to nature.

The taking off of JAMES LAIRD, my friend of many years, my comrade in a great cause, and my colleague in official duties, was not only the unexpected, but even after the lapse of so many months since his death it seems the unnatural. Of sturdy frame, impressive personality, great vigor, im-

pulsive force, aggressive power, he had that make-up, physical and mental, that seemed to impart a vitality that could conquer all enemies until such time as the resisting energy was sapped by the taking on of many years. He was cast in mold so strong that one can not but exclaim—

> **Oh! what hadst thou to do with cruel Death,**
> **Who wast so full of life, or Death with thee,**
> **That thou shouldst die before thou hadst grown old?**

"The days of our years are three-score years and ten," says the Psalmist, but to my friend and comrade, to whom the dread summons came on the 17th day of August, 1889, there had been vouchsafed but little over two-score years.

JAMES LAIRD was of Scotch ancestry. His father was a native of Scotland, a Presbyterian minister, a man of strong intellect, high attainments, and an impassioned orator. He transmitted his keen Scotch sense of justice, intellectual power, and gift of eloquence to his son.

When JAMES was a small child the family moved to Hillsdale County, Mich. He attended the district school, and afterwards entered the academy to receive instruction from a teacher who afterwards became his comrade in arms and later his associate in the House of Representatives and his colleague on the Committee on Military Affairs, General B. M. Cutcheon, of Michigan. The good father died while all his sons were young, and the mother was left with four small children to care for.

The spring of 1861 ushered in the great war of the rebellion. The two oldest boys were prompt to respond to the call to arms, and although so young, the patriotic spirit of the third youth could not long be held in check. He enlisted as a private soldier on the 24th day of August, 1861, in Company K (Stockton's), Sixteenth Regiment of Michigan Infantry, but was soon transferred to Company G. In the

autumn the regiment became a part of the Army of the Potomac, and the first battle in which the young soldier had a chance to prove the metal in him was at Hanover Court-House, in May, 1862.

Except when absent, from wounds received, he did duty at the front until that proud day when, with other participants, he rejoiced over the surrender at Appomattox and the final triumph of the right.

The story of the military career of this boy reads like a romance, almost challenging belief. While yet in his teens he served for four years of active vigorous war, and achieved the positions of sergeant, second lieutenant, first lieutenant, captain, and brevet major, every promotion being given for bravery upon the field of battle. He received four gunshot wounds and one saber cut, and was for a period a wounded prisoner of war.

At the battle of Gaines's Mills he was struck with a musket ball in the left breast, which passed through him, coming out under the left shoulder-blade. In this sad plight he fell into the enemy's hands, and was confined in Libby prison for six dismal weeks. On account of his extreme youth and grievous wounds he was then exchanged, and remained in hospital near Annapolis until November, 1862, when he rejoined his command.

He fought at Chancellorsville, and was one of the bravest of the brave who resisted the fierce attacks of the rebel hosts at Gettysburgh. Near the expiration of his first term of service the beardless boy reënlisted and became a veteran volunteer.

He was with the fighting columns under Grant in the fierce struggles about Richmond. At Dabney's Mills young LAIRD was acting as regimental adjutant. At a critical time in the engagement the enemy turned the Federal flank. The regi-

ment began to retreat, and before a new alignment could be made a stampede seemed imminent. I quote from a letter received by me from a captain of the regiment:

> Under a galling fire LAIRD rode along the line encouraging the wavering and cursing the cowardly. His long hair fluttering and eye lit with enthusiasm, he appeared the personification of war's fiery madness. The enthusiasm of the boy awoke a steady determination in the men. The impending stampede stopped, and under his inspiring leadership the regiment took a new position with unbroken ranks.

A more loyal and devoted soldier to the cause for which he fought did not wear the blue. His intense nature allowed no part performance of duty. His enthusiastic loyalty and poetic temperament made the flag of his country the symbol of all that was good. His comrades testify that his loving devotion to it was so strong that he seemed to court the utmost danger and the most perilous places in its defense.

Did time permit I might read by the hour from letters received by me from his army associates, who loved him for his open manliness, pure patriotism, and heroic endeavor. After a separation of a quarter of a century they have not forgotten the youthful hero who won their hearts, and have sent me their tributes to his memory. One says:

> LAIRD'S military career was an epitome of young heroism seldom equaled and never excelled. He never allowed the most daring to outdo him. He had a magnetic patriotism so exalted that it kept the wavering steady and lent enthusiasm to the strong. He was the peer of the bravest.

Mustered out July 8, 1865, he returned to his home in Michigan a battle-scarred veteran and yet a smooth-faced boy.

While others of his age had been at school, submitting to the teacher's will, he had been the impetuous, dashing leader of bearded men. He had taken lessons from the great cap-

tains in the "big wars that make ambition virtue." He had been hardened in "the flinty and steel couch of war," and it was no easy task to bring his turbulent spirit under the discipline of the schoolroom and the subjection of the master.

A short time at the collegé at Adrian and then a course at the law school of the State University at Ann Arbor and he was ready to begin life's battles on fields more peaceful. With an associate he became the owner of the Hudson Post, and for about two years wielded the pen of the editor of a country newspaper. It was strongly and aggressively Republican in politics, and its vigorous editorials evidenced the pugnacious spirit of its young manager.

In June, 1871, Major LAIRD was admitted to the bar of the State of Michigan, and for a time practiced law at Lansing. In July, 1872, he turned his face westward, and settled at Juniata, Nebr., removing after a few years to Hastings, where he lived until his death. He was in the active practice of his profession until his election to the Forty-eighth Congress.

He practiced law as he fought in battle. He attached himself to his client and his cause with a loyalty that knew no shadow of turning. He threw his whole soul into the case on trial. While never a bookish lawyer or a close student of the law, he had a mind that grasped the legal situation with power, and the staying, fighting quality that wins controversies.

He was a powerful advocate, armed with eloquence so enchanting that jurors became his captives. Men will speak for many years of his courageous defense in the celebrated Olive murder case. For the thirty days of the trial in that outraged and indignant frontier community the lives of the accused murderers were kept in their bodies and Judge Lynch

held at bay only by the matchless bravery of their counsel, JAMES LAIRD.

An eminent man, who now ornaments the bench in Nebraska, says of his speech to the jury in the Olive case:

> It is unsurpassed in the courage of its conception, in the boldness of its outline, and in the height of its sublime, forceful, and impassioned declamation.

The same jurist, writing to me a short time ago, sums up his characteristics as a lawyer in the following forceful words:

> Whether in the courtroom or in the convention, the contest on LAIRD'S part was one of chivalry. A military atmosphere surrounded it. There was the waving of plumes and banners and flags and the charge of cavalry interspersed with music.
>
> He abandoned no cause when it lacked numbers. He deserted no friend in the minority. He feared no opposition when he believed himself right, and he espoused no cause that he believed unjust.

He won the respect and admiration of his professional brethren by the open fairness of his contests. Giving sturdy blows, he asked no quarter. Chicane and finesse were weapons he did not know how to use. His manliness, boldness, and fairness not only won clients, but commanded the respect of adversaries, the confidence of judges, and the admiration of the public. Had he lived and continued the practice of law he would have become one of the leaders of the Western bar.

In 1875 we sat together as members of the convention that framed the constitution of the State of Nebraska, which is to-day its supreme law. His services to the State in that body, composed of the best material in the Commonwealth, were most important. He took front rank as a debater, bringing to the performance of his duties industrious research and much originality.

Major LAIRD was an earnest Republican, possessed of a

loyalty and sense of fealty that permitted no departure from its doctrines or disbelief in its leading tenets.

On the stump he was a mighty power, and the people of western Nebraska will speak for many years of the music of his voice and the persuasive force of his oratory.

After the apportionment based upon the census of 1880, when Nebraska was divided into three districts, Major LAIRD was nominated by the Republicans of the Second district as Representative to the Forty-eighth Congress. This canvass was one of great vigor and force, and he was elected by a good majority. He was elected to the Forty-ninth, Fiftieth, and Fifty-first Congresses, and every time he went before the people of his district bearing the standard of his party he increased his majority.

His Congressional career was signally brilliant, being characterized by that fearlessness that was his leading trait and marked by an ability that won for him friends on both sides of the aisle of political division. He was an active member of the Committees on Military Affairs and on Pensions, and was tireless and constant in his efforts for his comrades. No ex-soldier ever appealed to him in vain, and his generous nature could refuse nothing to the suffering or dependent.

He lived so close to his constituents that he felt the warmest sympathy for and was devoted to the interests of the frontier settlers, who with such infinite labor and such terrible sacrifice were carving out the great empire of the West. His appeal to Congress to do justice to the settlers on the Knevals lands, who, holding patents from the Government, were about to be driven from their homes, sounds like a trumpet call. He said:

> It is difficult for a man having a face-to-face knowledge of the circumstances surrounding these settlers to speak with that temperance that befits the language of judgment when discussing the wrongs perpetrated

on these people now about to be dragged from their homes, after having been harassed and impoverished by years of fruitless litigation, in which they have been driven from court to court in the name of "justice."

Is there no voice that pleads his cause who bravely holds his way along the front of civilization, laying deep and strong the foundations of a mighty State? From the toil and strife of these men sprang Kansas and Nebraska, the first anti-slavery States, even as in the olden time sprang the avenging Marius from the "dust and ashes." * * *

Mr. Speaker, these men are my constituents; they are more, they are my neighbors; they are still more, they are my comrades; for in the heroic days nearly nine-tenths of them were Union soldiers. This will not prejudice their cause with you, men of the South, for you were brave, and must be just and generous.

In the Forty-ninth Congress he made another heroic and at last a successful effort on behalf of those settlers, going to the House on his crutches, suffering from a severe accident, from which he never fully recovered.

One of his most notable contests, the conduct of which endeared him to the West, was his attack upon the methods of the General Land Office during the last administration. He repudiated in a vigorous manner the charge that a great majority of the entries of the public lands were fraudulent, and that the great West was made up of land thieves and perjurers, and was bitter in his denunciation of the outrageous spy system that became in so many instances merely a method of levying blackmail.

His leading traits were courage and loyalty, and both were fully exemplified in his action in the celebrated Fitz John Porter case. He had served with General Porter in his youth, and, fortunately perhaps, was absent, wounded, at the time of the battle when his general played the rôle of a spectator and not that of a participant. His constituency, almost to a man, condemned the effort to restore the displaced commander to the army list; but LAIRD had a boyish enthusiasm for the chief who led him first into battle, and espoused his cause with a devotion so true and a

bravery so marked that criticism upon his course was almost disarmed. Before he made his speech upon the Porter relief bill many threatened him with political extinction if he continued to stand by the bill. His reply was so admirable that I can not refrain from quoting it:

> Let me remark to the gentlemen who seek to bring the menace of future punishment to bear upon the discharge of present duty, that if I knew this act of mine would end my bodily existence, as you say it may end my official one, then still would I do it; and I would thank God that my loyalty to my country, as I understand her honor; that my loyalty to my general, as I understand my duty; that my loyalty to the truth, as I know it to be, was strong enough to lift my conduct above the possibility of the ignominious charge to come from cowardly considerations affecting my life or future condition.

The threatened punishment never came to him. While his constituents condemned his vote, they admired and applauded the courage of his words and his affectionate fealty to his old commander.

There was a depth in the nature of JAMES LAIRD sounded only by a few intimates. He was not one to say:

> I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
> For daws to peck at;

and yet to those who had his fullest confidence he would show that under the somewhat rugged exterior there was a love of the beautiful in nature and art that led to gentle deeds.

The same prompting that taught him with deft fingers to arrange the flowers he loved into beautiful and attractive forms led him to cull out the most tender and delicate of the poets for the enjoyment of himself and his chosen intimates. He had exquisite sensibilities of which the many knew nothing.

To me there is something pitiful in the loneliness of the last few years of his short life. He had no near relative living at the time of his death. He was the last of his race. The father, the strong preacher, died in his youth. His two

oldest brothers were killed on the field of honor near his side in the early days of the war. His younger brother died of a distressing accident some years ago. There was left to him no kin save the dear old Scotch mother, to whom her "boy Jamie" was all in all.

How fondly he cherished her. She made her home with him, and desolation entered the door when her form was carried through it to the lone couch of her everlasting sleep. After her death he seldom spoke of her, but when he did it was with a wealth of rich devotion to her memory.

But the reunion has come to them and to him, as I believe, full recompense for the losses and deprivations of this transitory life. The gain is his, the loss is ours.

His community mourns for a good citizen departed; his State laments for an efficient servant lost; I sorrow for the taking away of a true-hearted, self-sacrificing friend.

ADDRESS OF MR. PADDOCK, OF NEBRASKA.

Mr. PRESIDENT: Death must ever remain to unaided mortal perception a deep and unsolvable problem. Neither the uninspired musings of the ages nor the discoveries of science have been able to pierce the clouds which shroud the hereafter or lift the veil behind which humanity must pass. We know only that we are, that we shall soon cease to be, and that the mystery of existence is scarcely less profound than that of its extinction. We witness with tearful eyes and lips trembling with inexpressible affection a transition whose course we can not follow, and gaze with strained vision upon the beginning of a journey whose bourn we can not predicate. Upon the last scene of the drama of a life, rich in the associations of cherished friendships and

in the sacred ties of family and home, the curtain falls, the lights are extinguished, and we are left alone in the gloom and darkness of death.

That "the young may die, the old must die," is a truism. In the case of the aged, nature moves slowly in preparing us for the inevitable change. The whitening hairs, the furrows which time draws in the ground of experience, the halting step, the failing vision—all prefigure "the fate we dread, yet look upon."

Hence, when an aged man, decorated with the bright glories of an honorable and useful life, the natural fruitage of a character strengthened and purified by the trials which chasten and the successes which renew confidence and hope, passes away, we recognize the synonym of nature.

But when a young man, rich in all manly graces, full panoplied for the battle of life, whose brilliant achievements even before the skirmish line is passed presage a triumphal march to the front in human affairs, is stricken by the angel of Death, the questioning spirit arises and will not down.

"Life takes an atom and grows it to a world," albeit we know that in the fullness of its time decay and death shall surely come.

Life takes a child from obscurity and grows him to the place of primacy among his fellows; but why, in the vigor of young manhood, with the harvest all unripe, he is cut down forever we can not know. We may believe that for him "death is the larger gain, not loss and oblivion," and in this reflection we may find some assuagement of our grief. But who can measure the loss to the sum of the world's forces, the world's activities, the world's store of manhood, when such a man dies?

Such as this was he for whom to-day we mourn, and such the loss sustained in his early death.

Sprung from sturdy Scotch stock, those sterling characteristics which distinguished the men of the north were Mr. LAIRD'S by inheritance. His earlier life had been one of those hard struggles against adverse circumstances whose stern discipline has made our country splendid with heroic achievements. Into the brief period allotted for his activities he had crowded the experiences of the volunteer soldier, the intrepid party leader, and the trusted public servant. And yet those who knew him best believed that his strength had only partially developed, and that in the growing maturity of his powers lay the promise of a future harvest of great usefulness and renown.

When the call to arms was sounded for the defense of the imperiled Union the ardent nature of young LAIRD could not be long restrained, and while yet a mere boy he was found in the Army of the Potomac bravely fighting for his country. He endured the hardships of a soldier's life, performing his full and equal duty alongside his older and stronger comrades until the close of the war.

He was with that valiant host through victory and defeat on the banks of the now peaceful river from which it took its name; in the swamps of the Chickahominy, on the bloody fields of Manassas and Antietam, and in the trenches before Richmond. Following its standard, he carried the musket of a private soldier, and esteemed it a decoration more to be valued than the baton of authority in the official household of an emperor.

Mr. LAIRD'S service in the Army, covering nearly the entire period of the war, made him always afterwards a zealous, diligent, and useful advocate of the righteous claims of the Union's defenders. To them his heart went out and his actions gave expression to his impulses. The feeling of comradeship which thrilled him in the stern struggle for the

nation's unity was not merely a mouthing sentiment, useful for the hustings and useless in the field of practical effort for the relief and betterment of the nation's defenders. He felt that they were bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh, his brothers all, and entitled to his love, his sympathy, and his assistance. And this they never failed to receive in fullest measure.

Leaving the Army, Mr. LAIRD spent several years in preparing himself for his chosen profession—the law. Soon after his graduation at the University of Michigan, in 1871, he removed to the young State of Nebraska and entered upon active practice. He soon fought his way to the foremost rank in his profession. He was aggressive, vigilant, untiring. To the court he stated a legal proposition with singular precision and force. He marshaled his facts with such skill as almost to carry conviction without proof. He was masterful in analysis and generalization. As an advocate before a jury he was almost irresistible. He seemed at times the very incarnation of eloquence. His voice was a virile but soulful human nature set to music.

Mr. LAIRD entered legislative life as a member of the Forty-eighth, and was reëlected to the Forty-ninth, Fiftieth, and Fifty-first Congresses. He was the first Representative from the Second district of Nebraska, and died in its service. During most of his Congressional career his was the largest and most populous district in the State. How manifold, laborious, and exacting his duties were none but a Congressman from a new State can understand.

His was the section which first felt the impact of the mighty stream of immigration which during the past decade and a half has peopled our State with an intelligent, industrious, and thrifty constituency. New England and the Middle States, uniting with the great Mississippi Valley,

sent their sturdiest sons and daughters to lay the foundation and rear the superstructure of the new Commonwealth. Attracted by our generous land laws and drawn by the richness of the unvexed prairies, the ambitious tenantry of Europe swelled the flood of home-seekers and added the frugality and industry of their native lands to the elements already engaged in transforming the desert into a garden.

With few cities, but with numerous thriving towns and hamlets, Mr. LAIRD'S district was essentially agricultural. The schoolhouse, the church, and the newspaper, those three great educational factors of our Republic, were found in almost every community. It was indeed a high honor to represent such a constituency, and my deceased friend felt it to be such. His Congressional career was characterized by the most faithful, industrious, and conscientious performance of duty. The calls upon his personal attention were exhaustive of time and strength. Countless appeals to sympathetic effort to remedy wrongs done by delayed justice came to him.

But he never complained under necessary burdens. In committee he was efficient and persistent. On the floor of the House he was always vigilant, and brought the trained mind of a lawyer to the investigation and discussion of the questions presented. He was ready in debate and fertile in expedients. He was a born combatant. He gloried in the clash of arms, and was always happiest in the storm and stress of conflict. His courage rose with opposition, and his resources were at best command when the din of battle was loudest and the cheering of his adversaries was strongest.

He asked no quarter. He fought for victory and expected to win it. But he was a manly antagonist. He was "one who never turned his back, but marched breast forward." He dealt his blows in the light of day full at the guarded

front of opposition. The world admires a manly man. It has never refused its meed of praise to the man with convictions and the courage to maintain and defend them whenever and however assaulted. Popular opinion, all-powerful in its final influence, may for the time, while swayed by prejudice, withhold its approbation, but it never fails to crown the man of purpose and of courage.

Mr. LAIRD had frequent occasion to brave unpopularity for what he considered his duty. Almost alone among his political associates he stood for what he believed to be justice to his old comrade, Fitz John Porter. The clamor of the press of his State and section did not swerve him; the urgent remonstrances of friends did not deter him for a moment from his purpose. His voice was heard and his vote was given for the redress of what he believed a grievous wrong to a commander and friend whom he honored and loved.

To Mr. LAIRD friendship was a sacred word. He made a shrine for it in his heart and sacrificed at its altar. It was at once a mantle to adorn excellence and to conceal frailty. With his colleagues he was courteous and considerate. His word stood like an immovable rock. His promise once given was never qualified or recalled. He was always ready to assume responsibility for his actions, and scorned to hide behind an excuse born of expediency. Honest, honorable, and straightforward, he impressed his individuality upon others by the very force of these characteristics.

Mr. LAIRD had his faults; so have we all; but no man was ever freer from charlatanism and hypocrisy, and no one ever possessed a more thorough detestation for the Chadbands and Pecksniffs of society than this frank, sincere, able friend of ours.

Mr. President, many hearts have been left much poorer

by the death of JAMES LAIRD. He will not soon be forgotten in the home of his adoption. That brave, generous, manly nature will long be cherished in the memory of the multitude of friends in Nebraska who honored and loved him before all others.

The charm of his personality will not be lost. The record of his work will be for him an ever-enduring monument. He will need none other. Even unto the remotest generation, in that beautiful country which he helped to transform from a wilderness, "where the arts of peace were unknown," into a great Commonwealth, "surrounded by all that adorns and embellishes civilized life," the memory of his great service shall be borne undimmed by time to be enshrined evermore.

The VICE PRESIDENT. The question is on agreeing to the resolutions offered by the Senator from Nebraska [Mr. MANDERSON].

The resolutions were agreed to unanimously; and (at 4 o'clock and 38 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned until to-morrow, Friday, September 19, 1890, at 11 o'clock a. m.

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